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MORNINGS, BY
CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ONE YEAR.....\$2.00
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Advertising Rates on Applications
212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

The fool Democrats of the Colorado legislature who have wasted two years without electing a Senator are talking about agreeing on a woman for the place.

Senator Lorimer, in concluding his testimony before the Senate Investigating Committee, estimated that a candidate for Congress can conduct a "fairly lively campaign" for \$10,000.

One battleship will be authorized by Congress this year in spite of the action taken by the Democratic House caucus, according to views expressed by numerous Representatives.

Robert Ewing, member for Middle Tennessee of the Woodrow Wilson State Committee, tendered his resignation as such, because of the controversy between his kinsman, Mr. Watterson, and the New Jersey Governor.

On being refused admittance, a Turkish mob stormed a Bulgarian monastery, near Muskaba, and beheaded nine monks who were assembled in prayer there. The residents of the place swore vengeance upon them and a racial conflict is believed to be impending. The slaughter of the monks is believed to have been inspired by the blowing up of the Turkish mosque a few weeks ago.

Was a Nonogenarian.

Quatter Sherman, col., aged 90 years, died Tuesday at her home, No. 210 Thompson street. She was a native of Todd county.

Suit to Recover.

W. D. Coil and others have sued to recover \$16,875 from E. L. Hendricks in Hopkins county, alleging that defendant practiced fraud in selling to them 125 shares of stock in the Sunset Coal Co.

AMUSEMENTS

"Gay New York," the underlined musical comedy attraction at Holland's Opera House Feb. 8, is a translation from the German, and had a phenomenally successful run in one of the principal theatres in Berlin. The fact of its having achieved a signal triumph in this country is probably due in no small measure to the formidable array of talent engaged in its interest. Out of the thirty or more talented people engaged in "Gay New York," most of whom are girls of beauty as well as cleverness, it is only necessary to pick the names of Thos. J. Grady, Wanda Stuart, Harlan Briggs, Julia Calhoun, Samuel West, Ella Wilson, Lee C. Hollen, Alice Creighton, Chas. Kirchner, Jessie Keeley, Paul Michell, Edyth Imen, Jos. C. Birnes, Laura Hastings, Aleah Fay, Wood Sisters, Trocadero Trio, to form a respectable estimate of the Company of distinction entrusted with the fun and music sensational surprises to be expected.

A Plain Inquiry.

"Warden, what are most of these men doing here?" "Principally doing time, madam."

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In a business way—the advertising way. An ad in this paper offers the maximum service at the minimum cost. It reaches the people of the town and vicinity you want to reach.

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It Pays

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For Sale—A 3 wheel invalid's chair at a bargain, 538 N. Virginia.

See J. H. Dagg for contracting building and general repair work of all kinds. Phone 476.

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To loan on first-class real estate security. The T.S. KNIGHT & CO.

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Four good work mules.
HOLLAND GARNETT,
Pembroke, Ky.

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Cottage of 6 rooms at 204 West 17th street, newly painted and in good condition. Less than one square from Main street.
Apply to CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

New Feed Store.

I have opened a feed store in connection with my grocery and will run two delivery wagons which will enable me to make prompt delivery of groceries and feed.
W. P. QUALLS.

Sweet Clover Seed.

Sow in winter on top the ground. Greatest legume fertilizer, good hay and pasture. Prices and circular show how to grow it, on request.
BOKHARA SEED CO.,
Falmouth, Ky.

Administrator's Notice.

All persons holding claims against the estate of Nannie R. Nuckols, deceased, are hereby notified to file same, properly proven, with me on or before April 1, 1912. Those knowing themselves indebted to said estate will settle with me by said date.

T. J. NUCKOLS, Administrator of
NANNIE R. NUCKOLS, Deceased.

TO FARMERS:

We pay \$3.00 per ton for good, dry TOBACCO STALKS delivered in BUNDLES at our coal-yard in Hopkinsville.

WOOLDRIDGE & CO.

T. S. Knight & Co.

Real Estate, Loans
and Insurance Office
south side Court
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MONEY TO LOAN.

5 per cent money to loan on good Christian County land, on 5 years time and longer.

J. B. ALLENSWORTH, Atty.
Hopkinsville, Ky.
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Cumb. Phone Res. 742
Nov. 11th.

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THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD'S regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Hopkinsville Kentuckian together for one year for \$2.65. The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.00.

DESCRIBES
BAPTISM.

Interesting Letter To Her
Mother From Miss Lucy
Starling.

IN FAR AWAY SIAM.

Life of A Missionary Told In
Most Entertaining
Manner.

Chieng Mai, Laos, May 2, 1911.
This fearfully hot weather, I want to sleep all the time. I suppose if you had seen me playing three sets of tennis this afternoon, you would have held up your hands in horror; but it's the only time today I have been comfortable. Exercise is the only thing that makes the heat at all bearable, for me.

Yesterday, Christina Harris was seven years old, and as all the other children were on the hill, she had to have a party of "grownups." So all the missionaries went over to drink tea. Her grandmother gave her fifteen rupees (about five dollars), and she tried to buy the MacClures' baby with it.

A map is up here, from Bangkok, to see about putting up an electric plant here. I think it would be a fine thing, though they would have to build the house very high, for the rainy season.

Mrs. Campbell is laid up with a sprained ankle; she sprained it while playing with some of the school children. It is nothing serious, but she has to go on crutches.

I began today to train the girls on some drills, for the close of school. We have another month of school, then a few days on the hill before normal, which will last a month. I believe that will be only half a day's session, though. Marie Collins' school closes day after tomorrow, and she is coming right on over here, for a few weeks. But I don't think she has a very long vacation, and will have to go back, later.

I am just forming a taste for a very wholesome fruit, that I did not like last year,—"bale-fruit." It has a hard shell that must be broken with a hatchet, and the inside is a deep yellow, and tastes like a very dry peach, with a dressing of turpentine. Occasionally one may get a spoonful that is delicious. And the next mouthful has so much of the clear gum in it, it tastes exactly like the gum of the pine tree. It is about as embarrassing to eat in company as an orange; for it is full of seeds, that are coated with the gum, and it is almost impossible to get them out of your mouth, they are so sticky. I don't believe I would ever crave the fruit, but every one says they have a great medicinal value, so I have been eating them this year, and they improve on acquaintance, at any rate one learns to endure them.

I was very much amused this evening: The school "dunce,"—a great big, uncouth looking girl, came in and reported that one of the other girls, about half her size, had hit her on the legs with a switch. Miss Buck summoned the other girl, who said she was only playing; and she is really one of the gentlest girls in school. I looked her in the eye, and in my sternest voice and said "you ought to be ashamed, a great big girl like you, to hit a little girl like Chan Ta." Then turning to Chan Ta, I said, "the next time any of these big girls hit you, come tell me, and I will whip them." Chan Ta didn't deny the other girl's story, that she had hit her, only in fun, so they were both dismissed.

Chieng Mai, Laos, May 24, 1911.
I have just finished reading your good letter; a lot of papers came from both you and Mrs. Jones, but I did not dare to begin on them, for fear I would not get to my letter-writing this evening. I have been getting very sleepy early, these nights, on account of a little trip I took last week.

Last year, Dr. McGilvary went to a little village, San Pong, about seven miles from here, to work. It was absolutely new territory, as no missionary had ever been there before.

The people were very poor, and Dr. and Mrs. McGilvary have been feeding twelve families for over a year. We raised money to build them a chapel, before a church had ever been organized, and before a single person was ready to be received as a Christian. But I think Dr. McGilvary felt that it was probably the last work he would ever do, and was anxious that they should have a chapel, so it was mainly to please him that the money was given. This was finished several months ago, and a day school was started. Last Sunday the chapel was dedicated, and the new members received and baptized. Through the kindness of Mr. Yates, I was furnished a horse and saddle, and went down Saturday morning with Mrs. Collins and Marie, Dr. Campbell and Dr. McKean. After about five miles on a good road, we cut across the rice fields, and rode a couple of miles more. We had not gone very far across the field before we met people coming from all directions, to the service. We arrived a little after nine, and received a warm welcome. The chapel had been hung with Siamese flags, and pennants which the people had made. Inside, the walls were festooned with garlands of leaves, with bunches of red and yellow blossoms, hung at intervals, outside the chapel, and joining the front, had been erected a booth, covered with palm-leaves, and with a carpet of smaller leaves.

Just before service began, one of the women sent in the loveliest cross I ever saw. The cross-pieces were made of bamboo stalk, which was covered with, but not concealed by, fronds of yellow orchid. At each end of the cross, was a spray of pink orchid. Through the mass of flowers, the light green and yellow of the banana stalk shone like onyx. This lovely design remained fresh, the two days we were there.

The chapel was packed, both morning and afternoon, and we had no more interested listeners, than a dozen priests, who were conspicuous in their yellow robes, during our whole stay. The music was a great drawing-card, and the children of the village showed that they had been very carefully drilled, by the way in which they sang the songs. The afternoon meeting was almost entirely singing, and after the service was dismissed, the people came back again, and begged for more music. That night, Dr. McKean showed his magic lantern pictures, which was very wonderful to them. Dr. Campbell took his graphophone, which was also something new. He had had that going all afternoon, and just about dusk a little girl came in begging to hear the "baww saw" (tells a song); she had had to tend the buffalo all day, and hadn't been able to come to the service. The piece they enjoyed most of all was the "laughing song," which was in a universal language.

At the close of the afternoon service, there were games, and the old people enjoyed them as much as the little ones. We overheard one father say disdainfully to his child, "You never saw anything like these games? Just wait till we get home, and we will do them all." The next day was Sunday, but between services I could see the youngsters still practicing the "tug of war," etc. I suppose it would be unwise to try to teach them too much at once about proper Sabbath observance, etc.

The next day our native Christians came from the city and nearby villages in great numbers, and I think their presence was very impressive to the new believers. The chapel would not begin to hold the people, so the preacher stood at the front of the chapel, so both the people inside and out could hear him. Twenty-one new members were baptized and received into the church, and then the Lord's Supper was celebrated. At the afternoon service, twenty-five children were baptized. Dr. and Mrs. M.—had had jackets made for them, the first some of them had ever had, I suppose, and it was funny to see them shedding them, during the service. I think most of them who were old enough to undress themselves, did so before the service was over.

There was one little fellow, just beginning to toddle, who attended every service, on the hip of his older sister. He was so cunning, and I went up to his sister and asked if he was a boy or girl. She informed me of his sex, and then held him up to prove it. Well, Sunday afternoon, his father brought him in to be baptized. He was bare to the waist, but they had gotten a bright yellow

cloth, and made a "penoong" for him. But in a few minutes he had it off, and was toddling around, quite naked. When his turn came to be baptized, the preacher had to hunt him up. And directly he came running back to his father, head and face dripping, who gravely wiped him with the yellow cloth he had in his hand.

That afternoon, after service, the head man of the village came in to call, so the school-children had to sing for him. I had noticed one little sturdy naked fellow running around, about three years of age, but I imagine he could hardly talk. Imagine my surprise, then, to see him sitting up with the others, naked, and his new jacket on top of his head, yelling at the top of his voice, and his face all screwed up in a frown, from the effort he was making. And he went through piece after piece, every word and every note right. But the head man noticed him too, and said something to him, which frightened him so, he went home howling, and his singing was spoiled.

We got up at half-past four the next morning, and rode into the city before breakfast. Since we left, word came from Dr. M.—that early that morning, seven women came in and professed their faith in Christ. This was good news, indeed, for one disappointing thing about the work had been, that the women would not come in. I think only three women had come in with their husbands.

Tomorrow, Mrs. Collins and Marie are going out to Bethlehem, eight miles from here, for a week, and I expect to go out for over Sunday. There are a good many girls down there, who ought to be in school and are not, so I hope I can do something in that line.

This is a great day in Chieng Mai, in the English colony. The English consul is to celebrate the coronation with a garden party. There are to be boat-races, fire-works, and other games in the afternoon, and a Burmese theater in the evening. Miss Buck, Marie Collins, and I will take dinner with the Kerrs,—"they live near the Consulate,—and go back in the evening, to the theater. The boat course has been laid out in the river for some distance, with flags of all nations, and the men are busy practicing for the races. I think they will wear themselves out, before time for the show. A big float has been made, decorated with flags, and full of sailors, and is now in the water, going up and down stream, exciting the wonder of hundreds of natives. We have been hearing the music all morning, too. I could very easily dispense with that part of the entertainment, as the native music soon grows monotonous. Just now, it looks as if rain might spoil the show, I hope it won't.

It is past ten o'clock, so I must stop and get to bed. I have to begin work early these mornings, now that I have two extra periods, practicing the drills. You never saw such a delighted crowd as my young ones. At the end of every lesson, a chorus of voices exclaims "Moo-an" (pleasant.) It would amuse you, to see them learning how to schottische.

LUCY STARLING.

Nearly Smothered.

Chandler, N. C.—Mrs. Augusta Lomax, of this place, writes: "I had smothering spells every day, so bad that I expected death at any time. I suffered from womanly troubles. My nerves were unstrung. I had almost given up all hope of ever being better. I tried Cardui, and it did me more good than anything I had ever taken. I am now better than I ever expected to be." Thousands of ladies have written similar letters, telling of the merits of Cardui. It relieved their headache, backache and misery, just as it will relieve yours, if you will let it. Try.

A Cash Offer.

The Kentuckian has made a special clubbing rate with The Memphis Weekly Commercial Appeal by which we will furnish both papers for one year for the very low subscription price of \$2.25. The Commercial Appeal is one of the largest and best papers in the South, and we hope to receive many new subscriptions on this offer: \$2.25 cash for both papers.

Holland's
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3

MOREDOCK
and
WATSON'S
Minstrels.

Street Parade 11:45 a. m.
Concert 7:30 p. m.

PRICES:
25c, 35c, 50c and 75c.

PRETTY AS A PICTURE



27 Fine Barred Rock Cockerels at from \$2 to \$10 each. A few Pullets at \$2 to \$5. Direct descendants of winners at New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Phones 94 and 1222.
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are read by the people because it gives them news of absorbing interest. People no longer go looking about for things they want—they go to their newspaper for information as to where such things may be found. This method saves time and trouble. If you want to bring your wares to the attention of this community, our advertising columns

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Ad

□□□□□□□□

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Rich, Old Whisky
The rich, mellow, soft
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the choice of those who demand
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